

**MARVEL**

65

WAID  
BUCKINGHAM

# FANTASTIC FOUR

**SMALL  
STUFF...**  
PART 1 OF 2





# THE FANTASTIC FOUR

**1** A team—and a family—of adventurers, explorers and imaginauts, the Fantastic Four lead lives both ordinary—and extraordinary. As of today:

**2** Against the universe's better judgment, Sue entrusted Johnny with the financial operations of FF Inc., the team's licensing and revenue arm. Johnny's resentful co-workers, Ethan and Christi, immediately figured out a way to make themselves look good at Johnny's expense...



**3** ...by tricking him into signing away Reed's greatest discovery: the trade secret behind the ultra-adaptable "unstable molecules" that make up the team's impossibly resilient uniforms.

**4** This is a very, very bad thing.

STAN LEE PRESENTS  
**SMALL STUFF...**



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**PART**  
**1 of 2**



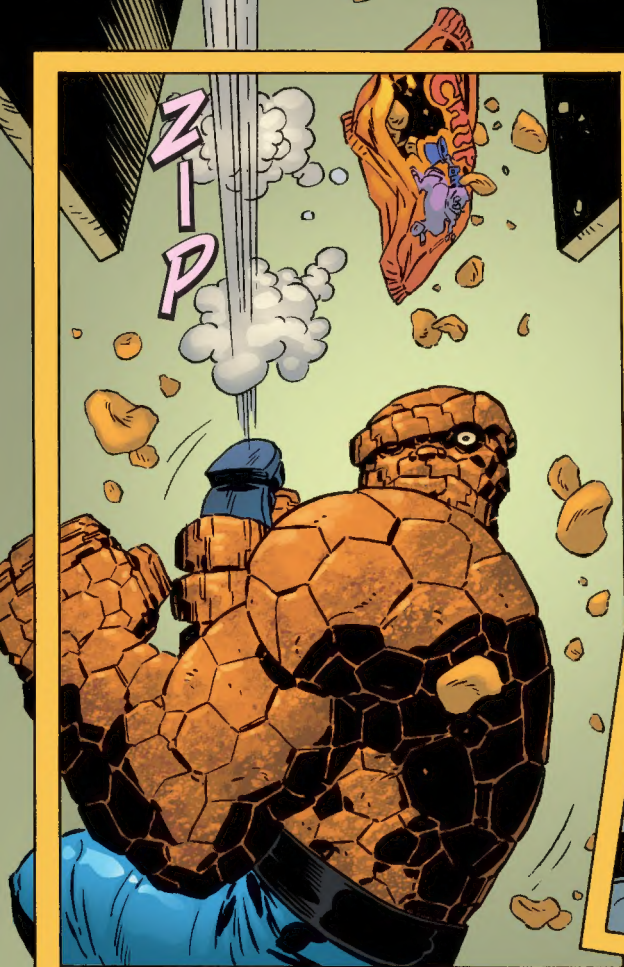


Ben, do we have any chips left?

No.

CHEESY  
Chips  
50g





Yeah, well,  
while y'r there, ya  
might wanna grab a  
can o' *Raid* about  
*yay big*.

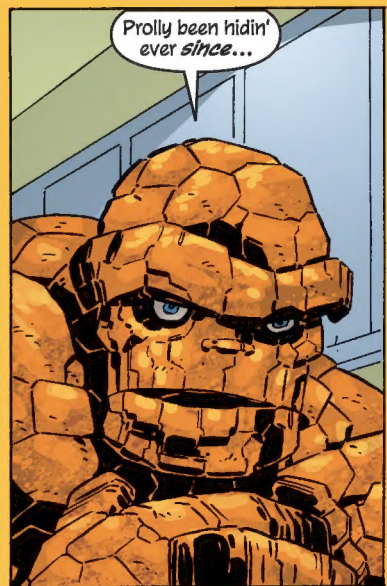
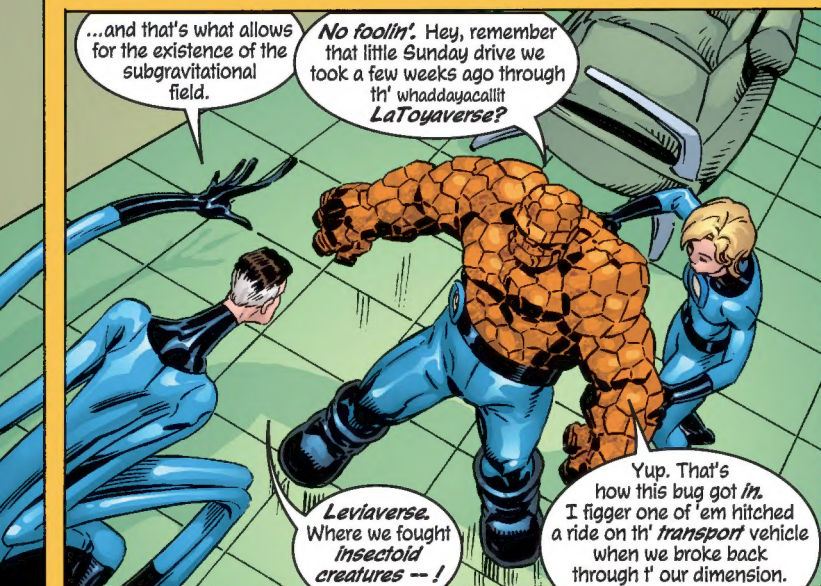
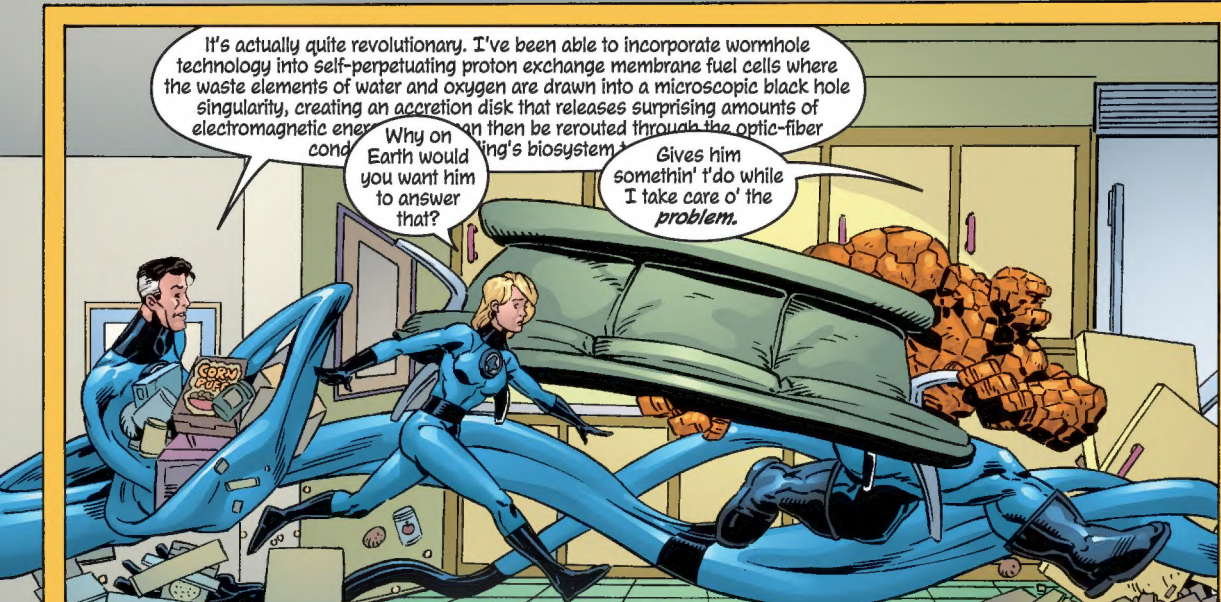
We  
got *bugs*,  
Stretcho.

What?

Impossible!  
The entire Baxter  
Building is subsonically  
vermin-free! I have an  
elaborate shielding  
system in  
place --

Yeah?  
What's it use f'r  
power?

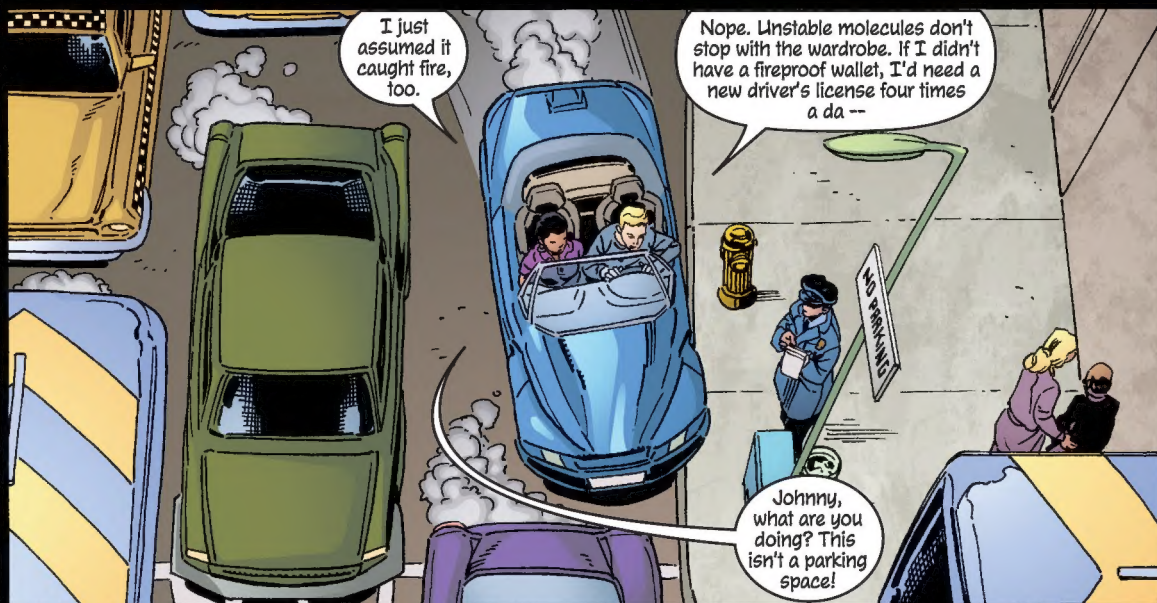
















We're racing the clock here.

A little warningggg--!



I promised Suarti we'd bring him some fabric samples with unstable molecules so he could get a good look at what he's licensing.  
You have them, yes?

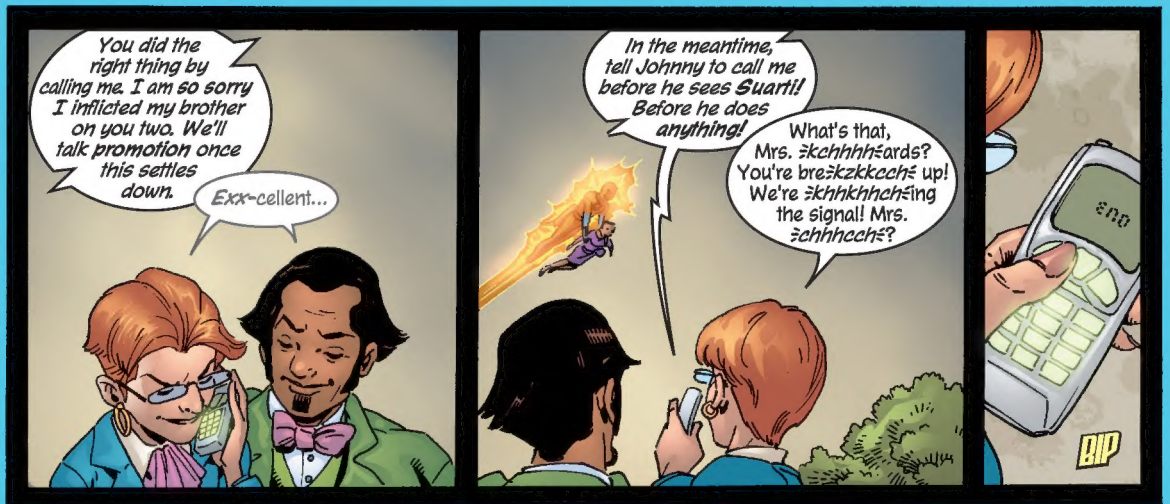
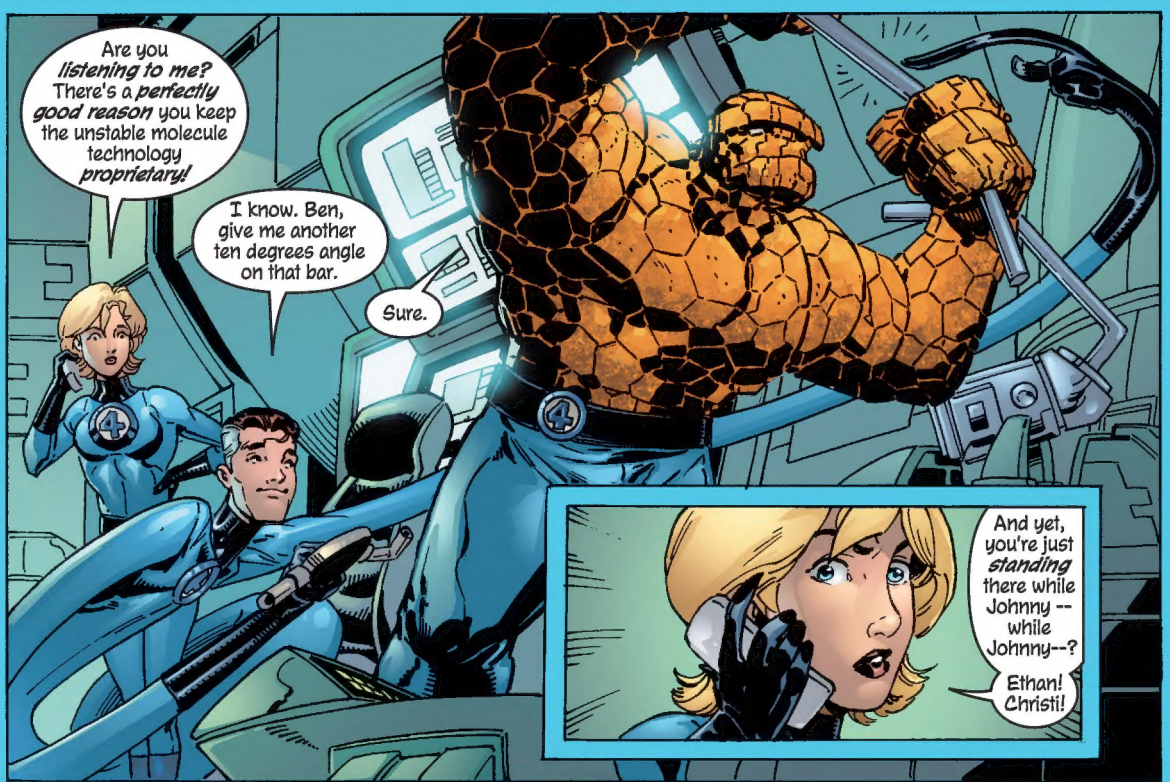
They're in the --  
**PIGEONS!**

-- they're in the bag. Where'd you get them, by the way?











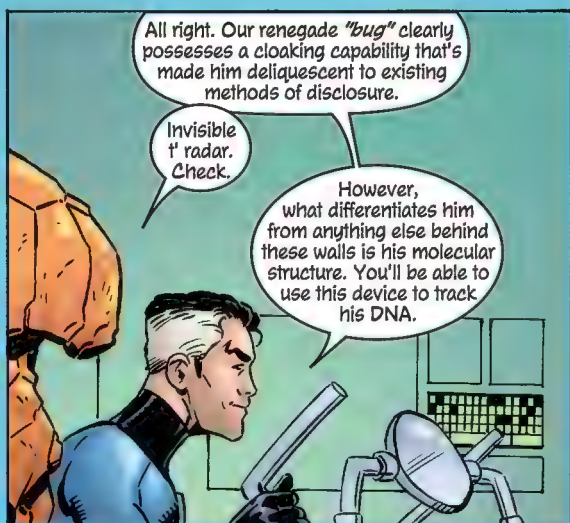


You coulda *told* her. Y' sure ya wanna get Suzie all *worked up* like that?

Keeps a marriage lively. Besides...

...it wuz her idea.

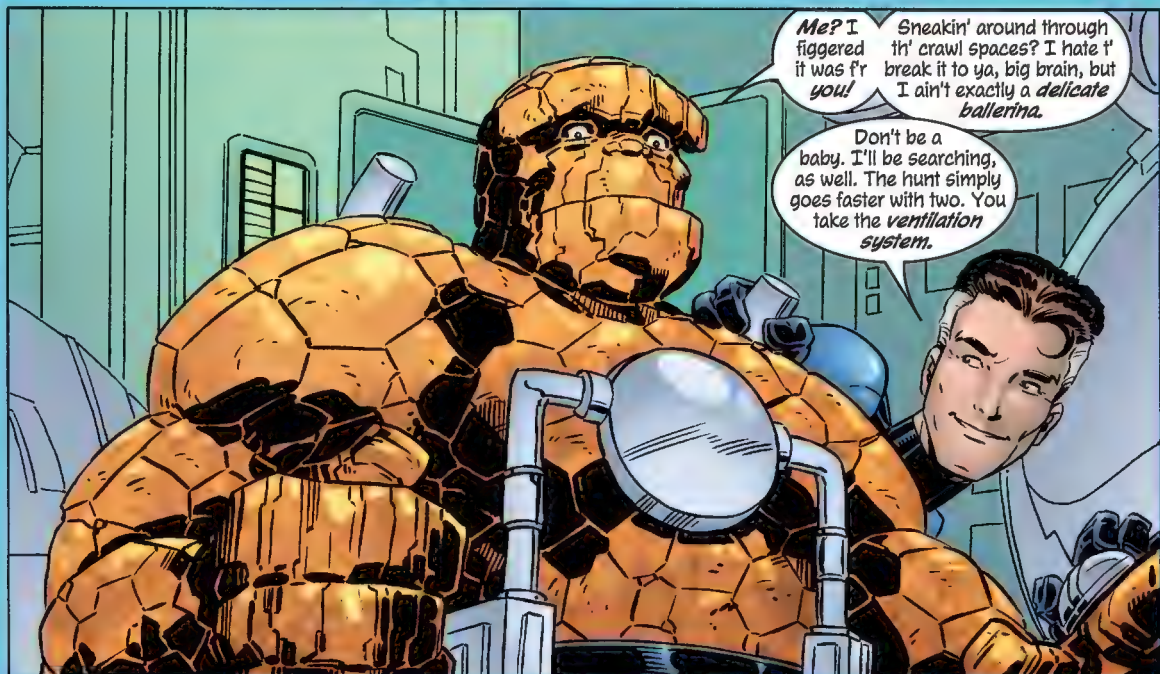
Precisely.



All right. Our renegade "*bug*" clearly possesses a cloaking capability that's made him deliquescent to existing methods of disclosure.

Invisible t' radar. Check.

However, what differentiates him from anything else behind these walls is his molecular structure. You'll be able to use this device to track his DNA.



*Me?* I figgered it was f'r you! Sneakin' around through in' crawl spaces? I hate t' break it to ya, big brain, but I ain't exactly a delicate ballerina.

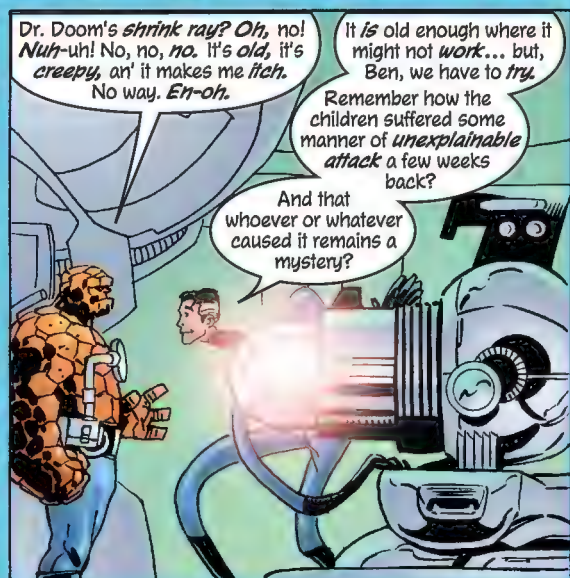
Don't be a baby. I'll be searching, as well. The hunt simply goes faster with two. You take the *ventilation system*.



Take it *where?* Out f'r a good *collapse*? Since when do I fit in a *air duct*?

I've thought of that.

Whatdya got th --




Dr. Doom's *shrink ray*? Oh, no! Nuh-uh! No, no, no. It's old, it's *creepy*, an' it makes me *itch*. No way. Eh-oh.

It *is* old enough where it might not *work*... but, Ben, we have to *try*.

Remember how the children suffered some manner of *unexplainable attack* a few weeks back?

And that whoever or whatever caused it remains a *mystery*?





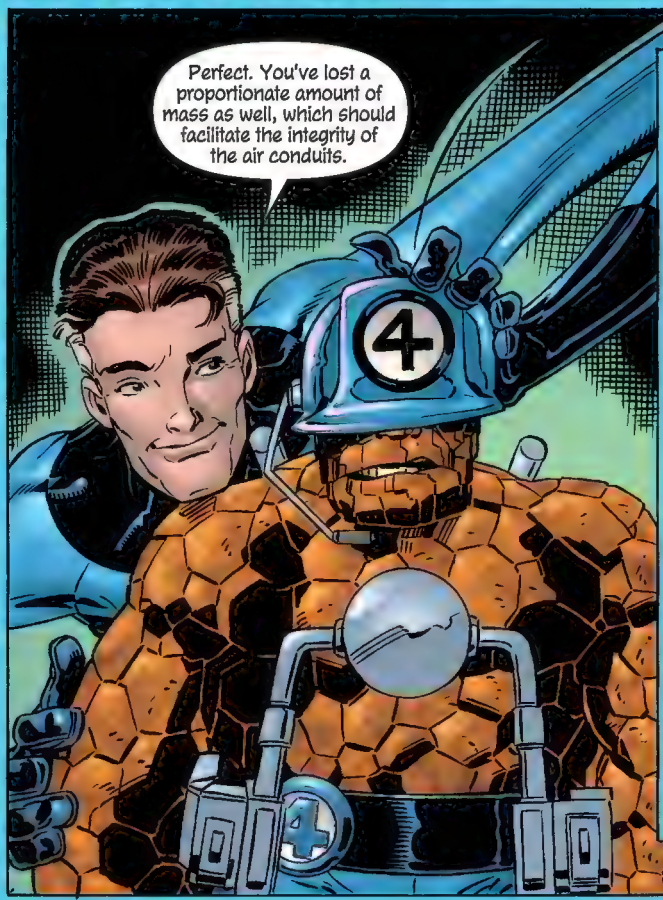
Suppose it's somehow related to our little infestation.




Thanks.

Awright.

Don't mention it.



Perfect. You've lost a proportionate amount of mass as well, which should facilitate the integrity of the air conduits.



Won't fall through th' ducts. Check.

Y'd better be able t' undo this.

I can.

I'm just sayin'...





In the words of Jon Stewart  
"Now, here it is..."



"...your moment of Zen."



What is the sound of cloth *not* burning?

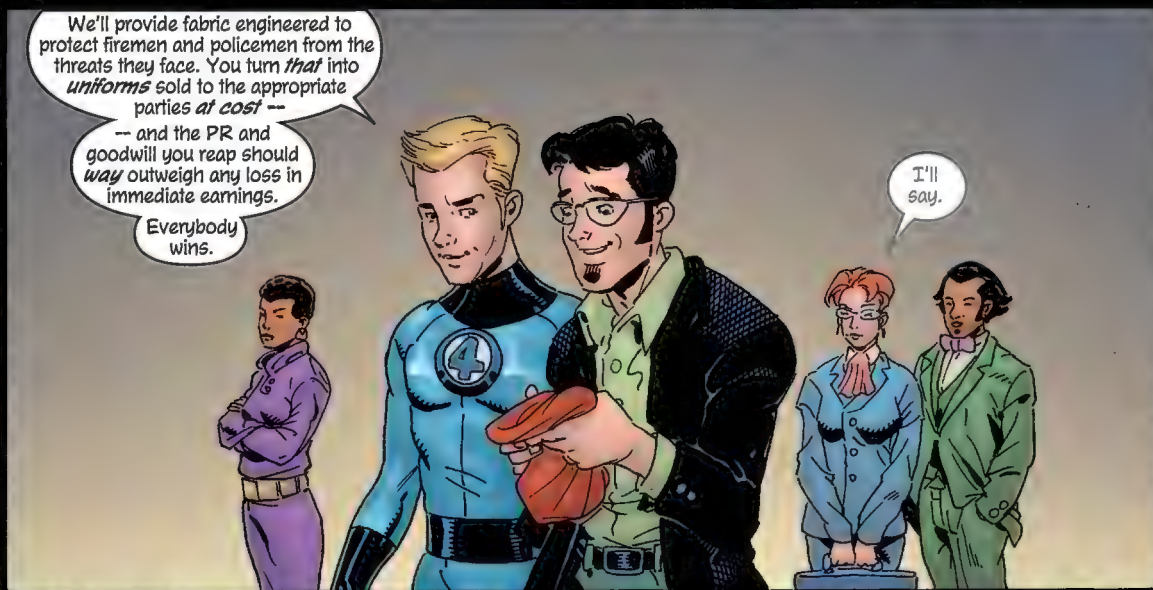


Cha-ching?

Kidding.  
I *kid*. I know the deal.

It's not about profit, Mr. Stuart.  
It's about helping people.

FF, Inc. can encode unstable molecules to behave however we like. We won't divulge how they're made, but you won't *have* to know.



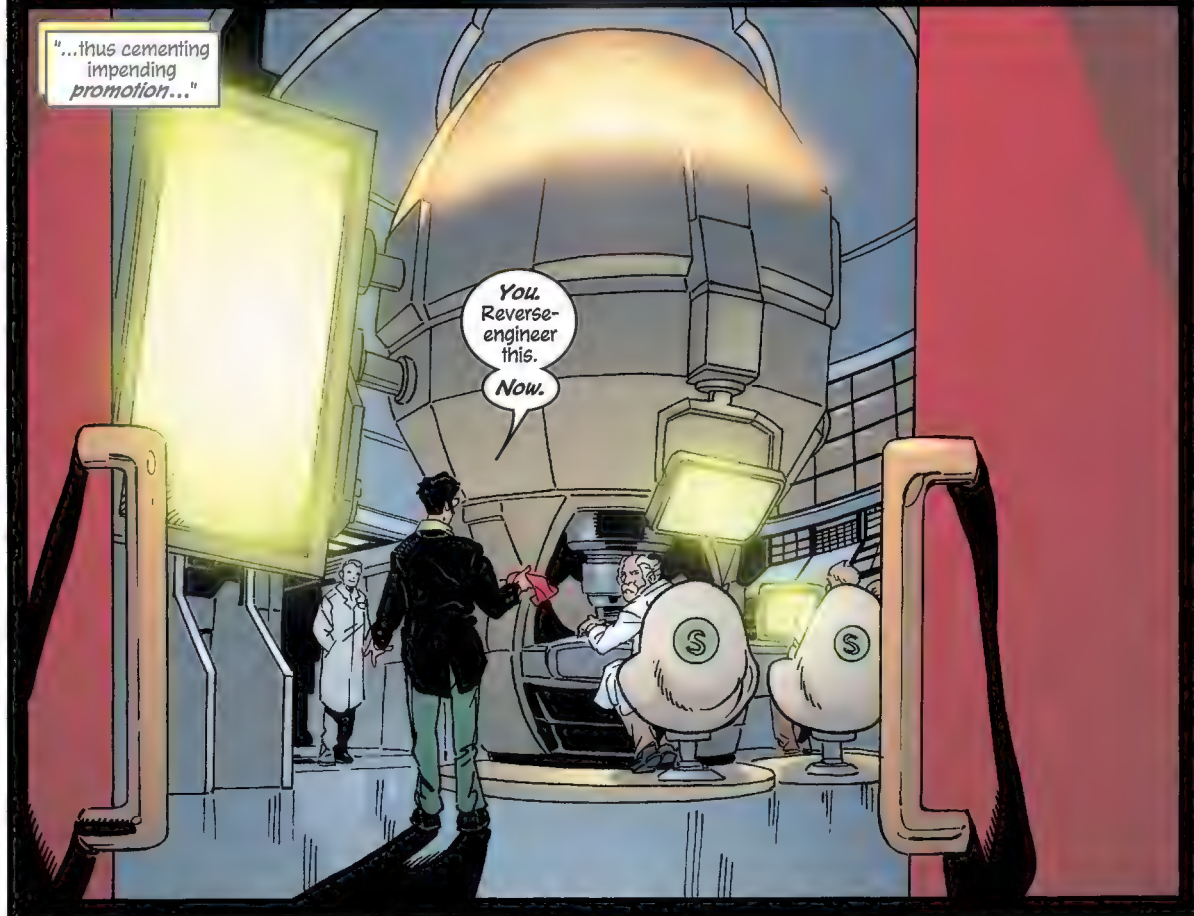
We'll provide fabric engineered to protect firemen and policemen from the threats they face. You turn *that* into uniforms sold to the appropriate parties *at cost* --

-- and the PR and goodwill you reap should *way* outweigh any loss in immediate earnings.

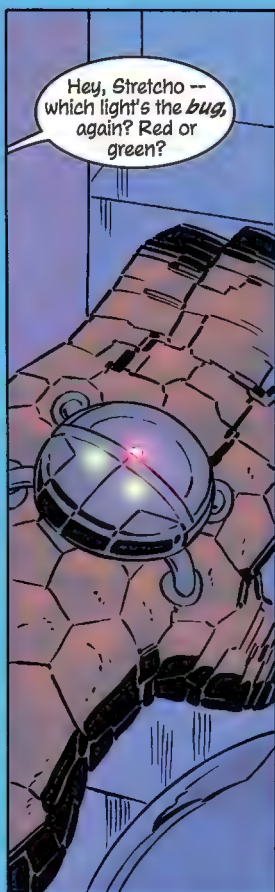
Everybody wins.

I'll say.









Hey, Stretcho --  
which light's the *bug*,  
again? Red or  
green?



Red. Why?  
Are you closing  
in?

Yeah.  
Naw, wait -- no.  
Wait -- yeah. Hell,  
I dunno. Keeps  
blippin' in an'  
out...

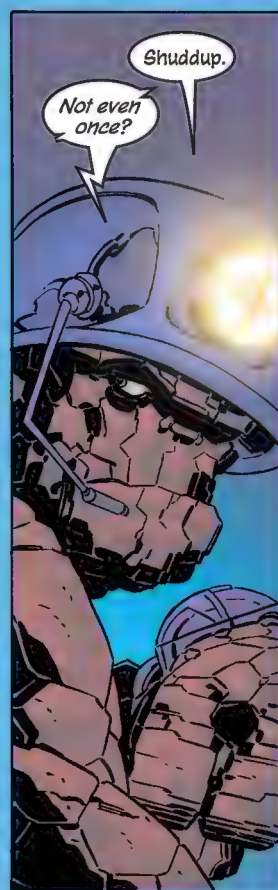


≡Bwah-  
ha-ha!≡

What?  
What's so  
funny?

I'm *shéhé* I'm  
sorry, Ben. I just  
can't *help* it. It's that  
little *hellum* voice  
of yours...

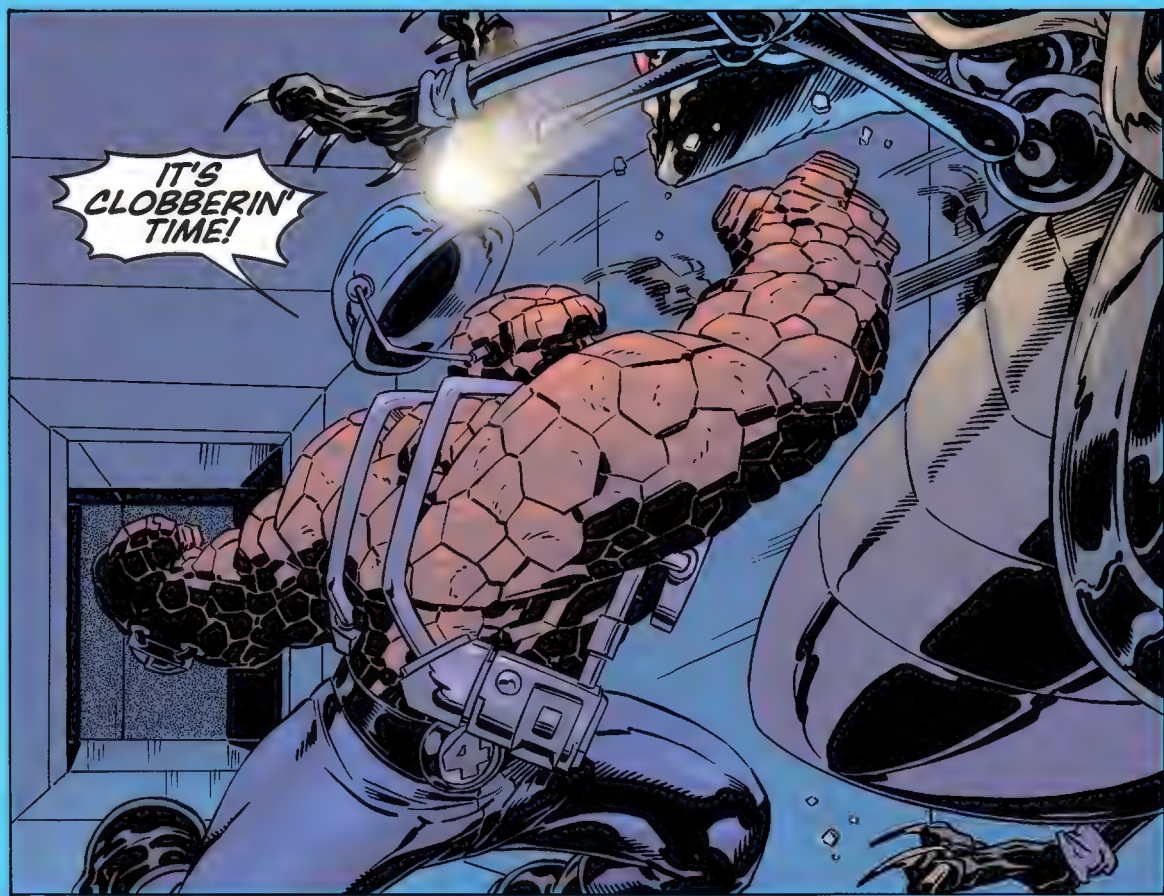
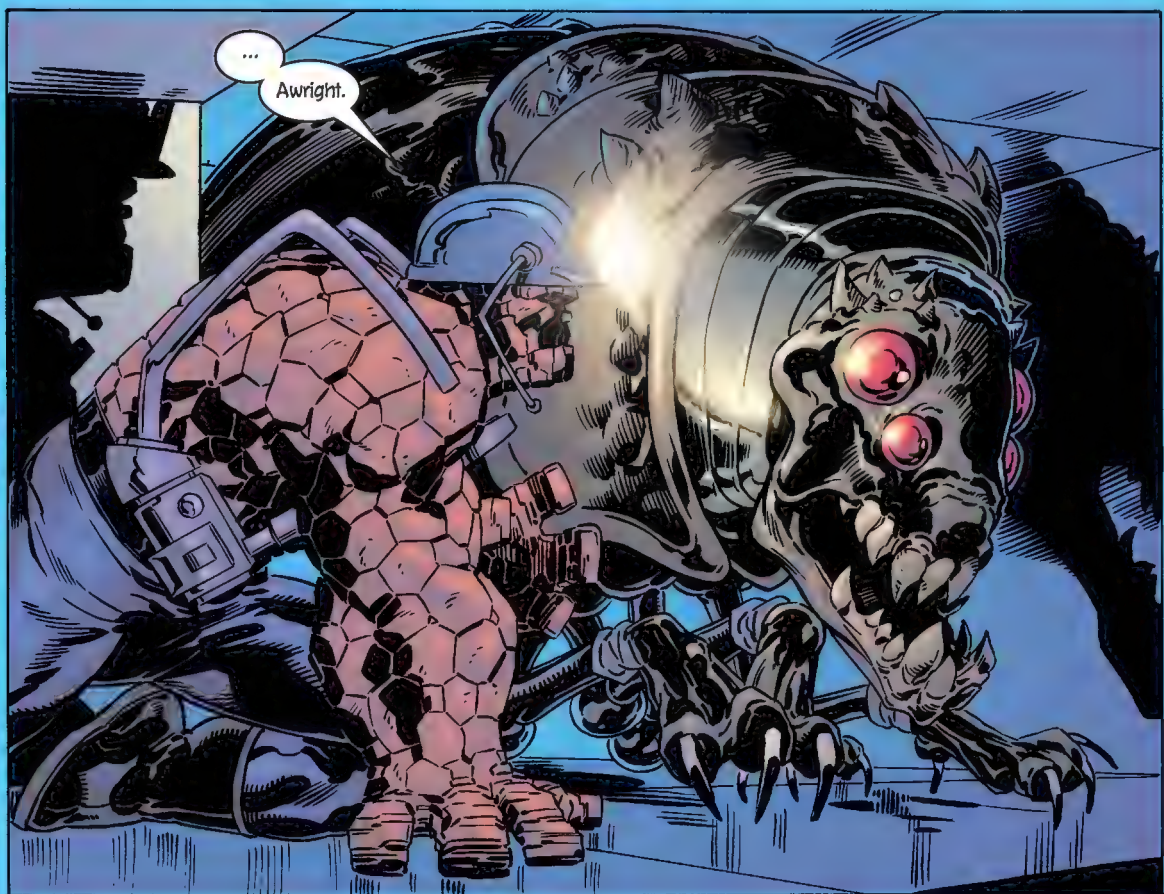
Say "It's  
clobberin' time."  
Just once. Come  
on.



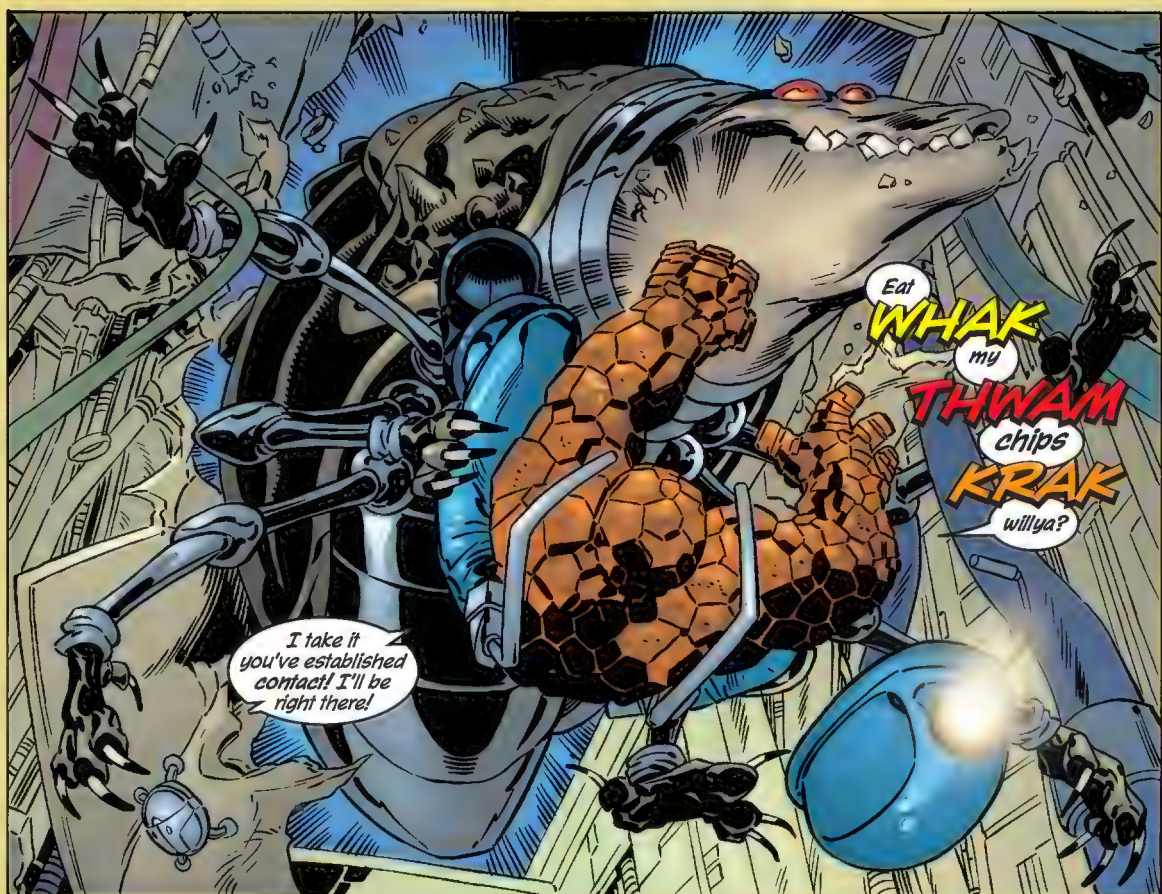
Shuddup.

Not even  
once?

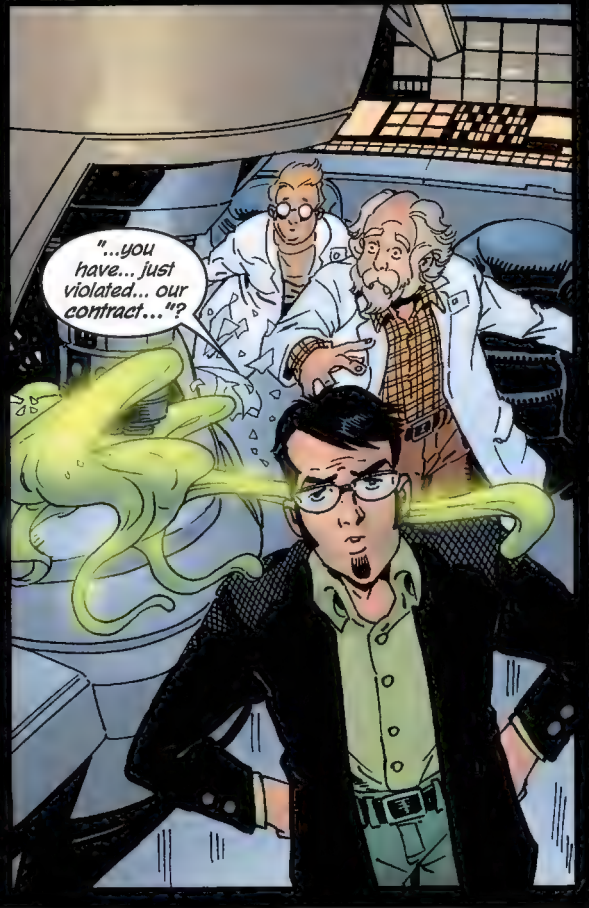
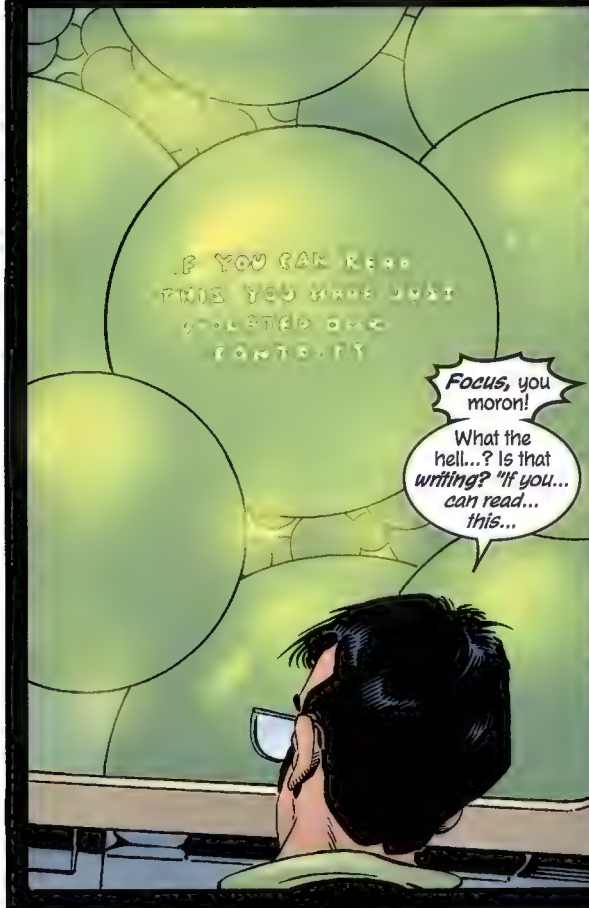
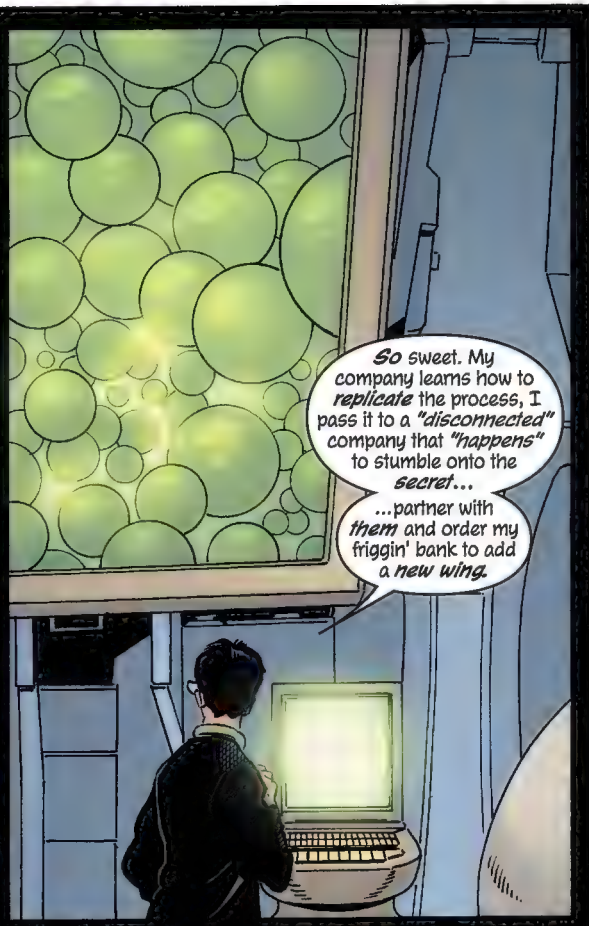
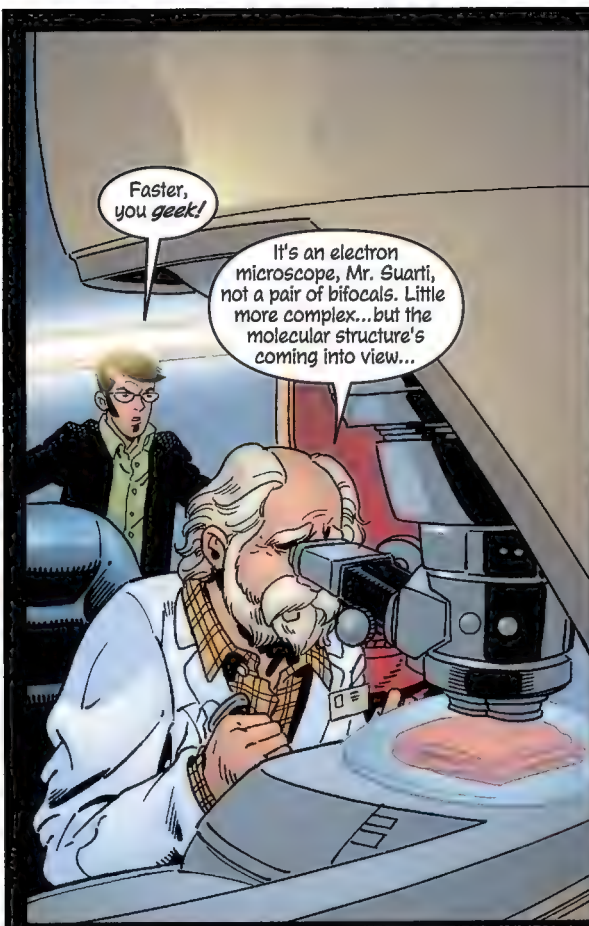




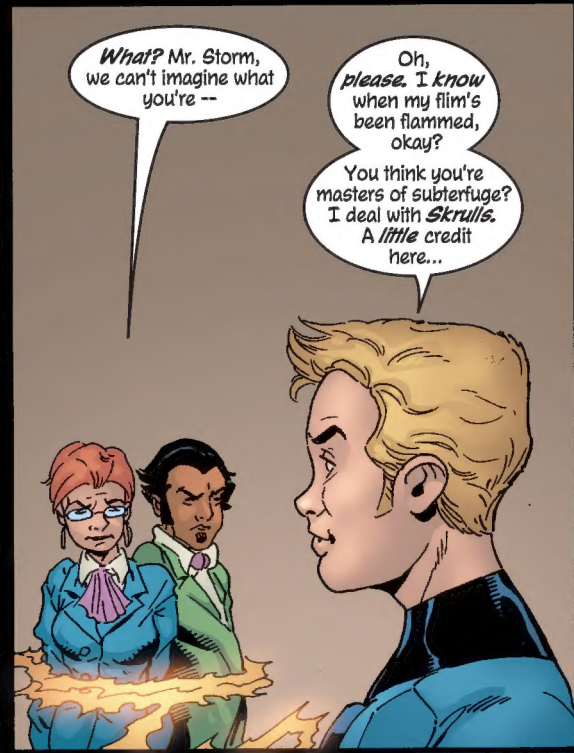












nyaaqaaah!

Bus.

Ted.

Get it off! Get it off!

Thank Reed. He's the one who "programmed" the attack switch to react to excessive probe-osity.

Don't feel too bad. If I hadn't stopped you from stealing from us --

-- Kyle and *Cartman* here would've. They tried to (a) trick me into signing away the rights to something they knew I couldn't sell --

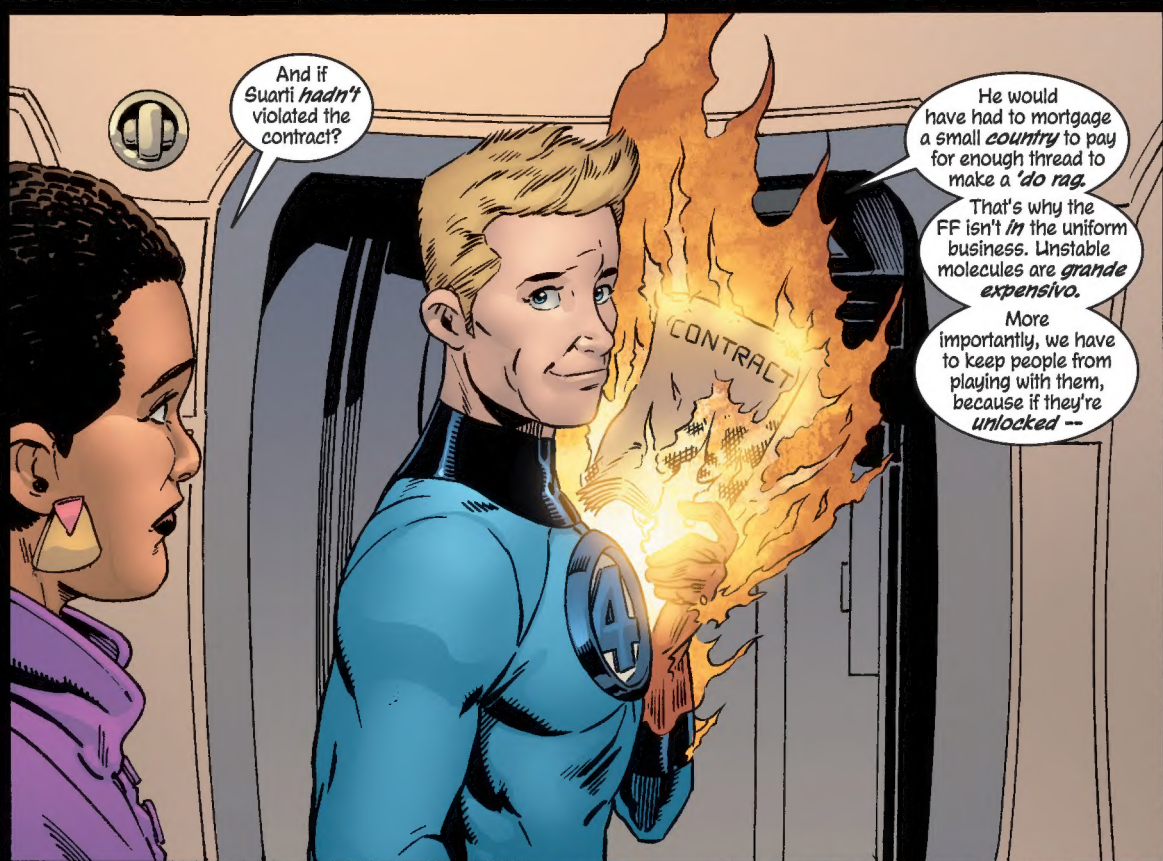
-- then (b) rat me out to the boss, get me booted and earn a bonus.

What? Mr. Storm, we can't imagine what you're --

Oh, please. I know when my film's been flamed, okay?

You think you're masters of subterfuge? I deal with *Skulls*. A little credit here...





And if Suarti *hadn't* violated the contract?

He would have had to mortgage a small *country* to pay for enough thread to make a 'do rag.

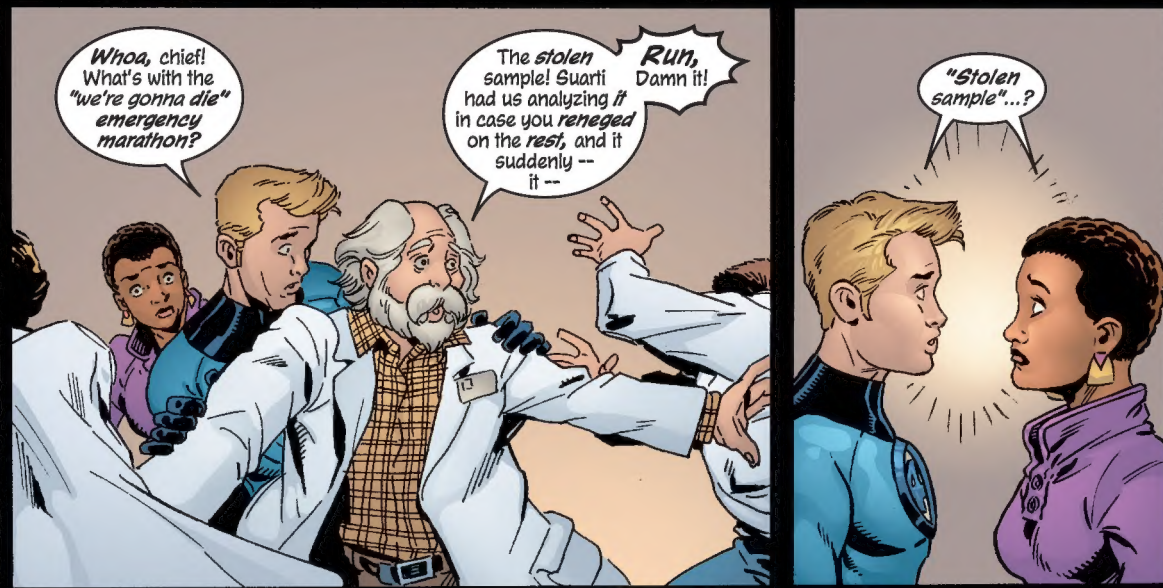
That's why the FF isn't *in* the uniform business. Unstable molecules are *grande espensivo*.

More importantly, we have to keep people from playing with them, because if they're *unlocked* --



Oh, my God! Run!

Runnnn!



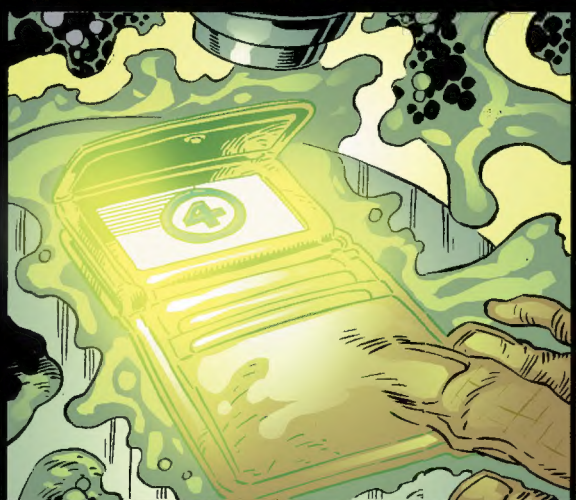
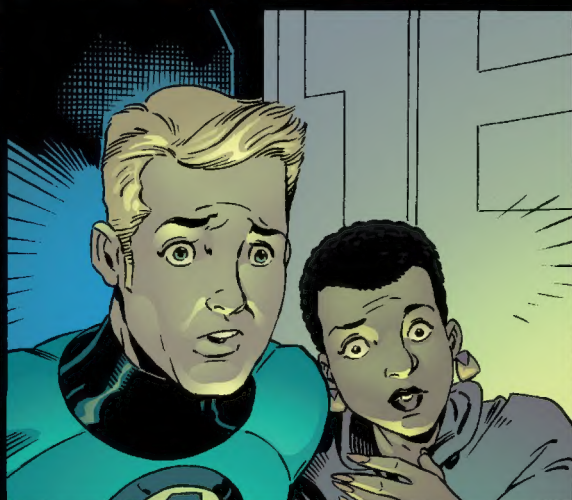
Whoa, chief! What's with the "we're gonna die" emergency marathon?

The *stolen* sample! Suarti had us analyzing *it* in case you *reneged* on the *rest*, and it suddenly -- it --

Run, Damn it!

"Stolen sample"...?







My wallet...  
Suarti took my wallet...  
idiot...

The *molecules*. If  
they're *unlocked*, they'll  
kick off a *chain reaction*  
with *neighboring*  
molecules...  
...and it *spreads*.  
*Unchecked*. Spreads  
fast.

Wh-what --  
what  
spreads -- ?

Instability.

To be concluded...